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UNITY

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VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 22, 1900. NUMBER 12

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A BOOK OF COMMON WORSHIP

PREPARED FOR USE IN THE NEW YORK STATE CONFERENCE OF RELIGION.

The New York State Conference of Religion is an outgrowth of the National Congress of Religion, which itself was the child of the Parliament of Religions held in connection with the World's Fair, in Chicago, in the year 1893.

The Parliament of Religions was the first gathering of its kind in the history of the world—an assemblage of representatives of the various religions on earth, meeting together for a free and frank statement of their thought, with the view of promoting not only kindlier tolerance, but a juster understanding of each other's position, and a mutual recognition of the common truths embodied in all their religions. The National Congress of Religion aimed, in a quiet way, to carry on this work in our own land.

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A BOOK OF COMMON WORSHIP

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In a choice of the hymns, the freest range of selection has been taken, always keeping in mind the one aim—the awakening of the spirit of brotherliness among the children of the All Father.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1900. NUMBER 12

A correspondent anent the high boast of strength, the great exhibit of power and plenty in these days, says, "I often call to mind those words of Goethe's referring to Adelaide: "O God, you made her great, why couldn't you have made her good?"

And now the poor mosquito is being held responsible for the yellow fever as well as for malaria, according to the report of the board of experts appointed by the United States surgeon-general. Surely something ought to be done to suppress the mosquito. The trouble is the pest is periodic and when the mosquito is out of sight and hearing he is out of mind. In winter time nobody cares for mosquitoes; in midsummer, when the mosquito is around, one is in no condition to plan in any large way for the suppression of the aggravating insect, and so the intolerable nuisance is tolerated. There are many mosquito pests besides mosquitoes who stay in the world for the same reason.

The causes and remedies for the decline in church attendance still agitate the public press. In the *Literary Digest* of November 17, the testimony of several eminent divines is given and weighty opinions advanced. The weight of evidence goes clearly to show that there is such a decline and the consensus of opinion seems to be that this decline is to be explained by the inadequacy of the church and the incompetency of the pulpit. The plain demand seems to be for less preaching and better, fewer churches and nobler. The change of front of religion from a concern for the kingdom of heaven after death to the kingdom of heaven before and after death, places new tasks before the church and must put a new message into the mouth of the preacher.

The *World's Work* offers most suggestive considerations concerning the campaign funds expended in recent presidential contests. Two hundred thousand dollars represent, according to this exhibit, the cost in 1864; in 1872 it was five hundred thousand; in 1884, one million five hundred thousand; in 1892, two million; in 1896, four million, and in 1900 it has reached the awful sum of five million dollars. Among the sources of revenue to national committees is put first the contributions of office holders to the party in power; second, the men who are anxious to secure political prominence or to occupy high positions. These "give lavishly as a means of advancing their personal interest." Now in the sober second thought after the fever of the campaign has subsided, we again ask the voters to think and be ashamed of the gross elements that entered into the excitements of the campaign just closed.

There is a Sunshine Circle in connection with the Third Unitarian Church, of Chicago, that believes that even sunshine in its last analysis and highest form is a spiritual commodity, and so it has just issued a pretty little thing of twenty-one pages in covers, containing short extracts in prose and poetry from immediate friends and fellow workers. The extracts are such as may tend to "the comfort of many who are striving upward on life's journey." Edward Everett Hale's motto is on the outside and his words occupy the post of honor on the prefatory page. Then follow thirty-four selections ranging from W. Copeland Bowie, of England, to William C. Gannett. Between them are to be found the familiar names of friends east and west. The little book is put out without indicating price or publisher, but very likely it can be obtained for a modest consideration by writing to The Sunshine Circle, care of the Third Unitarian Church, corner Monroe and Kedzie streets, Chicago. Here is a sample quotation from Rev. C. A. Staples:

> The experience of life has taught me that the essential principle of Christianity is not a dogma nor a form, but the Christ Spirit; that wherever it is found in Catholic or Protestant, in Jew, Mohammedan or Pagan, there is seen the life most ennobling to man and acceptable to God. That Spirit I hold to be moral integrity and uprightness, sympathy and helpfulness to man and loving obedience and trust to the heavenly Father. Whoever is living in that Spirit is surely attaining the highest and best which this world possesses of character and of happiness.

Again the god of brawn is demanding his exorbitant sacrifices. A beautiful young lad in a Chicago High School team recently found his death in a football contest in this city. The other day another promising youth was literally trampled to death in a "cane rush" on the field of the Massachusetts Polytechnic. Last Saturday a "decisive and memorable game was played" between the Chicago and Wisconsin teams. Wisconsin was triumphant and the team is reported as "having gone home in good shape." "Only one had a wrenched ankle," another "a lame knee," etc. The defeat of the Chicago team was explained on the fact that the day before "Carey was in bed all day and Lord was able to walk only with the aid of a cane." The players also protested against "Henry being put out of the game" because they thought that "Juneau, who struck first, should have been the one to suffer!" There doubtless will be reports this year as there were last of hideous carousing, heartbreaking dissipation, drinking and rowdyism following these "genteel" games that were cheered on by nice girls, elegant ladies, high toned professors and stately presidents. Admitting for the time being the absurd argument that these things are essential to physical development and muscular strength, we cannot resist moving the previous question and ask if muscle is worth the price and strength of brawn a sufficient compensation for the cost in money, cost in refinement and in ideality demanded by modern athletics?

A letter from a long suffering school teacher, just received, utters a wail which will go to the heart of thousands of listeners as well as speakers and teachers. It is a cry for fresh air, a call that the public should look to the ventilation of our public schools. She says, "Teachers are forbidden to lower windows though the temperature may go up to eighty. The open ventilators seldom ventilate, so the air is not only extremely warm but generally more or less foul. I came into the school here perfectly well; in a short time I was severely ill from malaria poisoning. I am told that often the air sent from the shaft into the school rooms is supplied directly from the basement instead of from the outside. These basements have closets which are malodorous and often with defective sewerage connections so that the air found there is little better than that found in sewers." The fact that this is all true in regard to hundreds of school and other public buildings is bad enough, but the worse fact is that this is not the result of temporary carelessness on the part of janitor or management, but an irremediable defect in the building itself. The sober fact is that architects and the furnace and ventilating men associated with them are unable to build a well ventilated building. Most of the patent contrivances work sometimes and for a little while. Building committees are always careful to insist on good ventilation. There is seldom an architect's plan prepared but what "good ventilation" is assured, and it looks all right but the result is such as we have just indicated. If the excresences on cornicé, cupola and "main entrance" were dispensed with and the money represented by such concentrated on the problem of fresh air, the kingdom would come the quicker.

What is the "Liberal Church" to Do?

Last week in our editorial entitled "A Reunion Further On," we commented upon the transition of Rev. A. G. Wilson, of this city, from the Unitarian to the Congregational fellowship. The facts seem to show that while the brother was cordially welcomed to the new fellowship and theologically speaking was entirely at home in the old fellowship, there was no change of opinion or essential change even in statement of opinion. In that editorial we asked, "If ministers are to pass back and forth over this line with so little violence to the hospitality and fraternity that lie on both sides of the line, what is to become of the churches that have been separated by these vanishing lines? What is the attitude of the garrison in the fortress of mental liberty when there is no longer an army of dogmatism and bigotry besieging them?" No general answer to these questions can be made. Indeed the question is not pertinent until the fact implied is established and so the Untarian or liberal church in any community has a duty to perform until the ostracising spirit for opinion's sake has vanished and until there is without mental reservation or sacrifice of intellectual dignity and integrity, a place inside the other churches for those who must do their own thinking. While the excluding spirit and the excluding dogma are manifest it may be necessary for the liberal church to stand by its guns and to fulfill its mission of protest, but when the time comes as it has come in some places, and is coming in many places, when the old line between orthodoxy and heterodoxy does not obtain in the preaching, feeling or practice of the old churches, then has not the time come to furl the battle flags? The temporary schism having done its work the needs of the community, the interests of the spiritual life, the cause of good-will in the world can best be served by a coming together again.

Why should two Congregational churches in one town expect forever to stay apart when the original cause of separation which occurred three-quarters of a century ago is largely removed and where perhaps the more genial spirit, the more generous culture, the more active helpfulness and hospitality to all sorts and conditions of men are to be found where orthodoxy is supposed to rule? Liberality is no fixed quantity and is not a question of geography or of names. Its antithesis is illiberality, not any theological creed. In these days we not infrequently encounter a liberal orthodoxy and a very illiberal heterodoxy. A tolerant Trinitarianism is more to be desired than an intolerant Unitarianism. We do not wish to point to local illustrations, though any one at all acquainted with the details of religious life in our western towns can call to mind a long list of places where Unitarian or Universalist churches once thrived for the best of reasons, because there was a crying need of a home for those who could not think in the terms of the old creeds. But these churches have now dwindled or died and the cause of their death is not disloyalty on the part of the old constituency, but the pressure from without has been removed. Hospitality, courtesy, liberality and opportunity to work, encouragement to think, in short, a liberal church more or less satisfactory, invites the new material inside the old line. Not all they desire, indeed. Neither was the other venture of their own such a church. When such a state of affairs is found will not the time have come when the true and faithful of the old company will joyously and gratefully tap at the door of some mother church and say, If you grant us the freedom which is yours and the joy that belongs to honest thought, we ask the privilege of joining our forces with yours, pooling our material contributions and sharing your worship? Indeed this synthesis has already practically taken place in more than one community we know of. The growth of thought, the amelioration of dogma, the triumphs of scholarship must be followed by a mitigation of the sectarian spirit, a cessation of denominational warfare, a coming together on the essentials of the spiritual life. Is not this the very thing that the Unitarians and the Universalists have hoped, prayed and worked for? And when it does come they will joyously give up their lives not by dying but by entering into fuller life and nobler. We look for societies to follow the initiative of Brother Wilson in many localities during the first decade of the twentieth century and we expect that they will find the same hospitality that was extended to Mr. Wilson. The first thing to do is to play across the lines, and soon we shall discover that the party walls that mark the line have

been leveled and when there is no line, why try to keep apart? This is practical unity. This is the unitarianism of the spirit, that for which Channing prayed, Parker worked, of which Martineau taught and Emerson prophesied.

College Expenses.

The movement at Yale to decrease the cost of securing a college education is worthy of general approbation, and especially the endeavor to enable the poorer students to work their way through college cannot be too strongly commended. Notwithstanding the greatly increased attendance at our colleges and universities, there are very many parents compelled to send their boys into other channels of training, because expenses have increased beyond the possibility of meeting them. In many cases this hindrance has been got around by the custom of borrowing money, which the boys are expected to pay after their diplomas are received. Over one-half of our graduates, as they leave college at the present time, are in debt. These debts, if allowed to rest on the parents, become an intolerable burden in that period of life when rest is required, and if borne by the boys themselves, they become a clog to prompt establishment in a profession and a hindrance to marriage and the proper care of family. The writer recently heard a college graduate say "The expenses have gone so extravagantly high that I cannot see the way to send my boys to college. They are more than double what they were when I matriculated. To register my two sons in any college that I am acquainted with would surely involve my family in debt and break me up at a period of life when I cannot cheerfully undertake the obligation to meet them. Something should be done to decrease these expenses, which have rolled up, in my judgment, quite beyond need." The response from another graduate was prompt that the worst phase of the matter was the influence on the boys themselves. "Those who early in life get a few hundred of borrowed money do not appreciate the difficulties of earning their own bread." They not only do not educate themselves along that all important line of self-help, but they are less inclined to do anything for themselves.

"College boys nowadays are disinclined to put forth any effort to carry their own burdens. They are far less ready to do any work that can be got. Thirty years ago a large number of students taught winter schools, and then made up their studies during vacation. It was common to see them helping farmers dig potatoes, pick apples or husk corn. This sort of work did them no harm as students, and did them good as men. Now it is very seldom that we can hire a college boy to work in the fields at any price." If Yale can do anything to counteract this tendency it will deserve well of the fathers and mothers. An old minister said to the writer, "My wife and I are living on mush and milk, in order to get our two boys through college. I would be more content if I could approve of all their bills. But last year I paid over one hundred dollars on Greek-letter society expenses, and a good deal more on what could have been dispensed with only for college social customs. I cannot ask the boys to be unsocial, but, in my judgment, the social element has grown so strong as to overbear and injure the scholarly spirit. I see no good reason for paying for four or five dancing receptions. I do not know what I should do if my boys happened to be in the football club." This is a real problem that our college authorities must face, and they must solve it. We cannot afford to go any further in the way of increasing the cost of education.

A college professor who is careful in his statements says, "I have made considerable study of this matter, and I find that the increased cost of college life is not due so much to large bills as to the multiplication of small ones. Everything is made to cost. All sorts of invitations, that were formerly worked off with the pen, are now gotten up in the highest style. There is a social flourish about trifles that cost a great many dollars. Then the Lodge, which has displaced the dormitories to a great extent, while having many advantages, is surely very much increasing expenses. Not only must the Lodge be built, but it must be carefully refurnished and upholstered. There are wells to dig and sewerage to care for; and there is a big coal bill, besides another one for lights. Then with the Lodge have grown up social habits formerly unknown. These all are costly." This observer gives items which corroborate his general statement. In other words, he finds a "great need of teaching another kind of economy besides political economy in our colleges." The boys are forming habits that will go through life with them; habits that will hinder them personally, and render them less valuable as citizens.

From every point of view we are led to sympathize with the authorities of Yale in the effort to recreate self-reliance and to furnish opportunity for self-support. A boy who has fought his way through college is educated in a double sense. But above all he has this advantage, that he is not tainted with shame for honest work. There is no endowment of ability to work with brains that can make good the disability to work with the hands. The glory of man lies largely in tactile power.

E. P. P.

On Being "Partakers with Thieves."

On another page of UNITY I have reviewed an article by Miss Scudder, which none too earnestly nor too quickly brings to the front this problem—not whether capital is necessary for all great enterprises, but whether it is so necessary that it must be used in conjunction with tyranny, fraud and dishonor; or whether the money power shall be recognized as the supreme authority over Christ and human society. I believe that the problem of human equality is still to be fought out—perhaps it will never be quite a solved problem or an ended struggle. I have considerable sympathy with those who fear that telling the whole truth will dissolve society and establish anarchy; but I have a greater belief and a stronger faith in that God of truth, who is able to overrule all things to bring about righteousness. I have given one life to the cause of freedom in religion. It was a dreary and pitiless fight, but we won. We are now fairly launched on the

sea of human religious fellowship, and not only toleration, but encouragement of free thought, free investigation, free worship and free hope. It is no longer a crime to hope the best for the meanest human being. It often looked as if we were working for religious anarchy. Many a time I have had to borrow Jesus' telescope to look through the clouds and reassure myself that it was safe to speak the truth and to deny old lies. But anarchy did *not* ensue from the breaking down of the bulwarks of intolerance. The world never was so religious as it is today, never so upward-looking, never so God-minding. If now I had another life I would give its full power to the cause of social equality. Blind leaders of the blind deny that there are classes, even while the miners of Pennsylvania rise up to a superb victory over caste and power, and while a mob of aristocrats in Paterson, N. J., repeat what is not a crime of New Jersey alone, and their victims rot in shameless bagnios, or are drugged to a violent death. My voice, my pen, my conscience shall never be dishonored with courtesanship toward titles and wealth. I am with Miss Scudder, the grand heroine of Wellesley, in her Christ-like protest against being partakers with thieves, although those thieves stand for millions. Here is where the parting of the ways comes. The young men of today may let our old theological questions and disputes in the main alone. Their problem is to create a civic righteousness or social honor that can stand the sunlight of God's judgment. This nation is worm-eaten with lies. It cannot be cured by denunciations and extravagant preaching, but by determined refusal to compromise with injustice and by faith in God that nothing good will fail when we do His will. More faith in Right! What we want to believe with all our souls is that "the Devil is an ass."

E. P. POWELL.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Born at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1841. He was graduated at Yale in 1861. After a few years in business and literary work he became a teacher, and in 1874 received appointment as professor of English literature at the University of California. He died at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1887.

Service.

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone.
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all:
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.
His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.
Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

Among the Redwoods.

Farewell to such a world! Too long I press
The crowded pavement with unwilling feet.
Pity makes pride, and hate breed hatefulness,
And both are poisons. In the forest, sweet
The shade, the peace! Immensity, that seems
To drown the human life of doubts and dreams.

Far off the massive portals of the wood,
Buttressed with shadow, misty-blue, serene,
Waited my coming. Speedily I stood
Where the dun wall rose roofed in plumy green.
Dare one go in?—Glance backward! Dusk at night
Each column, fringed with sprays of amber light.

Let me along this fallen bole at rest,
Turn to the cool, dim roof my glowing face.
Delicious dark on weary eyelids prest!
Enormous solitude of silent space,
But for a low and thunderous ocean sound,
Too far to hear, felt thrilling through the ground.

No stir nor call the sacred hush profanes,
Save when from some bare tree-top, far on high,
Fierce disputations of the clamorous cranes
Fall muffled, as from out the upper sky.
So still, one dreads to wake the dreaming air,
Breaks a twig softly, moves the foot with care.

The hollow dome is green with empty shade,
Struck through with slanted shafts of afternoon;
Aloft, a little rift of blue is made,
Where slips a ghost that last night was the moon;
Beside its pearl a sea-cloud stays its wing,
Beneath a tilted hawk is balancing.

The heart feels not in every time and mood
What is around it. Dull as any stone
I lay; then, like a darkening dream, the wood
Grew Karnak's temple, where I breathed alone
In the awed air strange incense, and uprose
Dim, monstrous columns in their dread repose.

The mind not always sees; but if there shine
A bit of fern-lace bending over moss,
A silky glint that rides a spider-line,
On a trefoil two shadow-spears that cross,
Three grasses that toss up their nodding heads,
With spring and curve like clustered fountain-threads,—

Suddenly, through side windows of the eye,
Deep solitudes, where never souls have met;
Vast spaces, forest corridors that lie
In a mysterious world, unpeopled yet.
Because the outward eye elsewhere was caught,
The awfulness and wonder come unsought.

If death be but resolving back again
Into the world's deep soul, this is a kind
Of quiet, happy death, untouched by pain
Or sharp reluctance. For I feel my mind
Is interfused with all I hear and see;
As much a part of All as cloud or tree.

Listen! A deep and solemn wind on high;
The shafts of shining dust shift to and fro;
The columned trees sway imperceptibly,
And creak as mighty masts when trade winds blow.
The cloudy sails are set; the earth-ship swings
Along the sea of space to grander things.

THE PULPIT.

Success by Elimination.

ROCKEFELLER VERSUS SHAKESPEARE.

A SERMON

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1900.

"Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God."—Hebrews xii. 1, 2.

A good and safe text, soundly orthodox and profoundly true. Whoever wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews had studied human nature; he was acquainted with the conditions of life and the cost of living. He knew the many claims, the one purpose of living. He had felt the distractions and knew the price of success, and with the orator's power and the poet's gift, he selected the most striking illustration when he would enforce this principle, for surely Jesus, the "author and perfecter" of the faith of millions, besides this writer, did run a desperate race, and before he had won the high place "at the right hand of the throne of God," according to the daring assertion of the writer, he had to lay aside many a weight, triumph over many besetting sins, as he ran with patience the long race, "despising shame, enduring his cross."

There is no improving this sermon of the text. It is all there and all life testifies to its truthfulness. We cannot do everything. There must be selection. Every advance on any of the bewitching roads of life, any ascent toward any of the alluring ideals, is made possible only by turning away from many other roads, by refusing many other ideals. From the cradle to the grave life itself is a continual process of elimination. All the gratifications of life are dependent upon wise and heroic denials. Good digestion, aye, the enjoyment of eating, reduces itself ultimately to a question of the good things that are left uneaten. Temperance is a question of the things that we do not drink. Modesty, art, even comfort in dress resolves itself into the good and pretty things that we do not wear. Life is once and forever a process of elimination, not of hard things, not of bad things, not even of disagreeable things, but of the pleasant things, things in themselves innocent, things under certain circumstances altogether desirable.

This is the first as it is the last lesson of life. The babe yields to an impulse to carry everything to its mouth. It fain would eat everything. It would play with the candle, it reaches for the moon. The growth of the little mind is indicated by the way it keeps things out of its mouth, keeps its hands out of the fire and is content to do without so many things it would like.

So is it all through life. The young man and young woman who try to be in everything that is going soon find themselves in nothing that is worth while. The student is distinguished from the fool by his ability to select. He who reads everything that comes along seldom knows much. He who reaches after all the joys going has elected a miserable life. Whether you go abroad or stay at home, if you undertake to see everything, to hear everything, to know everything that is within sight, within hearing or within knowledge, you soon come to the pitiable realization that you have seen nothing worth while, that you have heard nothing important and that you do not know enough of anything to yield you much peace or power.

Our text contains the whole philosophy of success in any direction. It is a question of laying aside weights, a question of despising shame, of enduring the cross and of running with patience the one race set before us.

The problem of life then becomes a problem of elimination. Inasmuch as we cannot do everything what shall we do? We may not enjoy everything. What will we enjoy? Alas, for the youth that pushes forward into life with no adequate selection of this kind in mind. Alas, for the young man and young woman who lay the foundations of a home with no deliberate choice in these directions. Still sadder perhaps is the lot of the young people who deliberately make a false selection. Sad is the *success* of the young man and woman who deliberately undertake to build for themselves a home by means of unworthy eliminations.

Let us look at this problem of elimination. The first temptation is to lay by the hindrances to what we call "success" in life. How prompt is the reward. There is scarce any prize in business or in the professional pursuits, in society, in politics or in the church, but what can be won if you are willing to lay aside the obstacles. Business success, as every business man knows, is largely dependent upon its eliminations. Silence the other voices in the soul, refuse a hearing to the wider claims of society, steel your heart to the charities, hold morality far enough away that it will not interfere with the day's transaction, keep an eye on the ledger, "buy at the cheapest and sell at the highest market" no matter who starves or who fails, ask not how it is with the other man, regard all men as your rivals, legitimate objects of conquest, and to precede or succeed which is unquestioned triumph, make success your first and last aim, and the chances are that you will get there.

In education the same principle holds true. If the young man's aim is a diploma, unless his equipment of brains be below the average in the outset, he can win it if he turn a deaf ear to all the other calls from the within or from the without; if he ignore duty to father and mother, to little brother and sister, if he sufficiently deny himself the amenities of society, the courtesies of the world, if he knows no missionary and charity duties until his mark is made, if he lay aside every weight he will reach there. So is it with much that is regarded as brilliant success in the economic, social, political and religious life of today.

It is not so much my purpose today to discuss economic questions as to touch on the moral phases of the perplexing and mixed questions of corporations, combines and trusts. But ethically and psychologically speaking it is safe to say that the conditions of success in all these directions lie in the severe application of this principle of elimination. Eliminate competition by every means possible, eliminate fraction, eliminate expenses, eliminate diversity of interest, diversity of management, eliminate all waste at any cost, do this though it may mean *over* supply this year and *under* supply the next, though the wheels of this car of success roll over the bodies and souls of men, women and children who may be in the way, though it bring distress into communities, despair into homes and desperation into human lives, the one adequate justification of all this lies in the canon that "it is the business of business to succeed." Whether it be railroads, cottonseed oil, petroleum, rocking chairs, crackers, barbed wire or overshoes, the value of elimination has been fully demonstrated. Success is obtained by skillful, fearless, aggressive elimination of everything save the one consideration of success in that particular line. The same principle is strikingly illustrated in the social successes of our day.

This is peculiarly the age of clubs. The social club is the more than successful rival of the church, the lyceum and the library. The successfully managed social club has no deficit in its treasury. It boasts of a long waiting list of applicants for membership therein. Said the president of such a club recently, in my hearing,

"We never have difficulty in getting a quorum at our board meeting. We seldom fail of a full board." The secret of this striking success is found in its eliminations. From the programs of these clubs, politics, religion, reform are excluded except in their most remote and abstract form. The poor are excluded relentlessly. The unwelcome of any kind are excluded. The circle is guarded and limited by all the safe precautions. Only those things that bring the most pleasant results are looked for—dancing, bowling, cards, fine dresses, fine music and in certain homeopathic doses, fine speeches and learned lectures. Then all the rest is excluded—the success of your club is phenomenal.

I am inclined to think that fifty years from now it will be clear that the most striking sociological phenomenon of this generation is the woman's club movement. Here the elimination is still more guarded and the corporation is still closer. In addition to the eliminations already mentioned, there is the elimination of men, the elimination of children justified, and the introduction of so much of reform and culture and self improvement as are compatible with the sense of ease, grace and refinement. There is the pleasing consciousness of doing good with the least inconvenience of goodness. There is the satisfaction of being benevolent with the minimum of the perplexities that burden the benevolent heart. There is the passion to inaugurate the new things with all the exhilaration that goes therewith; then a readiness to turn these "new things" over into other hands and upon other hearts more willing and perhaps better prepared to endure the agony of continuous strain and the burden of prolonged care and sustained self denial, and the last justification of the perplexed conscience, the justification by analogy, of these women's club is, the men exclude us from their club—why may we not retaliate?

How obvious is this principle of elimination in our churches. Success comes in proportion as the object is single, hence heresy of every kind is carefully excluded, many doctrines and forms are weeded out and those remaining are pruned, trimmed and fixed into definiteness, and in proportion as this definiteness is secured in that proportion does the triumph seem to come. What a large number of perplexities, how many of the "weights" are laid aside by the Presbyterian creed, the Methodist discipline, the Baptist immersion and close communion, the Episcopal ritual. The most striking triumph in church organization in these days is the church that indulges in the most daring elimination. Our Christian Science friends eliminate even their bodies and all the responsibilities that belong to them. They ignore the fact that all humanity has been compelled to confess the ills of the flesh and at one daring stroke they lay aside a great section of the obligations, responsibilities and the duties that have been the burden if not the glory of the church of Christ through the centuries. And still further, not content with these eliminations they have added that which is the perplexity of the Christian churches, they not only shut out all sources of truth as authoritative save those found in the Bible, but these friends eliminate even the painful perplexities of Bible study; they relieve their members of the difficult quest as to the meaning of text or the significance of parable, finding an adequate interpretation of it all in the original exposition of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and her subsequent addendas and weekly bulletins that are promulgated for the guidance of the faithful from Concord, New Hampshire. Not to pronounce upon the truth or untruth of Mrs. Eddy's main assertion, I say the secret of the success of this movement is chiefly found in this principle of elimination. This alone will account for the flocking multitudes, the overflowing treasuries and the stately houses of worship. It is applying the principle of my text. It is profiting by the sagacity of trade. It is applying the obvious canons of successful business to church building, eliminating the perplexities, laying aside the annoyances, fixing the attention upon some one thing or at least some few things, letting all the energy, enthusiasm and devotion go in these narrow channels.

Is there anything wrong about this whole method? Why should we not eliminate the obstacles in order to attain the end? Simply this: In our elimination we must discriminate not between hard things and easy, but between primary things and secondary things, between the accidental and the essential, the permanent and the transient. The aim must never be success but progress, not the triumphs of time, but the triumphs of eternity. Our quest must be for truth, not comfort, for right, not pleasure, for power and not popularity. Again saying this, I have but declared a truism. To state it is to prove it. There is no need of enforcing it by argument. It may be made more vital by illustration. This quest of progress rather than of success, this test of the fundamentals makes many a triumph disgraceful, many a success a calamity; it pricks the statistical bubble wherever you find it. Who now dares offer his millions as sufficient evidence of a successful life? What society dare offer its muster roll as evidence of its power or undertake to prove its growth in grace by its increased membership? All such questions call for the second test brought out by the questions, "How did you get there?" "What did you get there for?" What are the obstacles that we can afford to lay aside? "What is the mark of your high calling?" All of which in the long test of time is the same for church, club and individual.

My friend, Mr. Triggs, of our University of Chicago, for whose critical insight and reasoning power I have large respect, in a passing and I suspect incidental and fragmentary illustration, has won a passing notoriety for having compared Rockefeller with Shakespeare, with the advantages in favor of Rockefeller, claiming, as I understand it, that the achievements of Rockefeller indicate a higher power, as striking a genius as the achievements of Shakespeare, admitting, as I judge, for the time being that omission of the ethical element is inevitable, perhaps permissible in the accomplishment of Rockefellian successes. I am not speaking of my friend's argument. Not having heard it there is no wonder that I do not understand it. But the comparison is a suggestive one and answers my purpose this morning. Rockefeller's success is a typical one. His achievements are only a little more brilliant than those attained by a large army of men who win financial success and commercial prowess by the relentless eliminating as far as they can of all obstacles, hewing to the line, asking no questions for conscience's sake, taking no account of the interests of weaker rivals, holding only to the inexorable conditions of commercial preeminence. Before their mighty prowess the cry of the individual, or of causes, must not be heard, local enterprises are overridden, lesser men are swept out of the way, railroad corporations are made and unmade to meet the exigencies of success, steamship lines are ruined, restored or created. Legislatures when they cannot be bought are reconstructed on these lines. Courts and congresses come within the hynotic spell of these mighty potencies. The result is of course a beautiful co-ordination, a wonderful machinery, gigantic aggregations and measureless fortunes. The world just now takes but passing heed of the weights that have been laid aside, of the aspirations that have been crushed within and without by these so-called heroes of commerce.

Is it so hard to attain this kind of a success? Is it so marvelous a manifestation of power? Does it require exceptional genius to attain to all this? Emerson, when once asked if the achievements of a certain voluble ranter who astounded his audiences with his flow of words and dazed the community with his confused

rhetoric, his maximum of emotion and minimum of sense, were not wonderful and beyond comprehension, replied: "Perhaps most any of us could do it if we could let ourselves down to it." So the most wonderful thing in the achievements of the Napoleons of the world from Bonaparte, the Napoleon of the battlefield, to Rockefeller, the Napoleon of petroleum, is found in the ruthless way they have been able to trample down all collateral interests, to steel themselves against all other claims and other duties ,and apply themselves to the one small problem of achieving for themselves victory in one comparatively small field or narrow line. It matters not whether the weapons used in this success be bayonets, ballots or dollars, if the elimination be severe enough, the selection be heartless enough, the pursuit be blind enough to all lights but the one light ahead, the end will be achieved. The glory, such as it is, will be theirs. Give it to them for what it is worth, and it has its worth.

I am not dealing in particulars, still less in personalities. I take the name of Rockefeller only as typical of that large class of men who by the hard, relentless laws of commercial elimination have achieved what seems to the eyes of the uninitiated not only marvelous but unaccountable success. Says Ruskin:

"So far as I know, there is not in history record of anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as the modern idea that the commercial text, 'Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest,' represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market?—yes; but what made your market cheap? Charcoal my be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well today; was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more, or to a rich man who tomorrow will buy your farm over your head; or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?"

All I say is that the measure of their successes is not necessarily the measure of progress. If, as Ruskin further says, "wealth is allied to weal, well being and well doing," then their gold may indicate anything but wealth. Anyhow, the question is a legitimate one and must be answered by other tests than the banker's exhibit, or even by the benefactions that may drop, like crumbs from Dives' table, for the nourishment of the Lazzaroni who humbly beg for the bounty that will enable them to keep alive the better forces, the kindlier impulses, the human emotions, in short, the human love and sympathy which alone marks humanity's preeminence in the animal kingdom. Again says Ruskin:

"In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way; most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at best conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-chested state of being."

But what about Shakespeare? Let him stand as type of the poet, the great *maker* in the immaterial realm, the representative of the universal instincts and emotions. He, too, had his eliminations. He, too, cast aside many weights and sins that beset him. But he kept himself open to the life of man, he was vulnerable to the cries of the wretched. He heard the inward groans of the spirit. He carried the burden of souls. Hamlet's perplexities, Shylock's wrongs, Ophelia's sweet bewilderments, and Caliban's grovelings, found a place in that mind that was open to receive messages of life from all around the circle. He was amenable to the beauty of the dawn, the majesty of the storm, the sublimity of the night, and that which he received he gave again to the world intensified, ennobled, clarified in the alembic of his brain. Shakespeare garnered well. His traffic in ideas was profitable. Words in his hands were coin more valuable than gold, but he hoarded them not. What he received in the dross he gave out refined and gave it out in its most permanent form. So well did he work and so glorious were his gifts that his coin are accepted at par value wherever on the earth there is mental exchange and traffic in the commodities of the spirit; while the scrip he received in exchange for his folios and the coin that were dropped into the money-box at the doors of the Globe Theater, for which he wrote and wherein he wrought, have long since ceased to be coin current even if they had not long since passed from the face of the earth.

The contrasts between the success of Rockefeller and Shakespeare are many, but there is no more striking contrast than that the one achieved eminence by elimination, the other by inclusiveness. One hardened his heart to all the interests of this life save those that lay in the line of his success; the other was as a mountain peak receiving and reflecting the light that shone all around the horizon, the peak that caught the twinkle of the star, the subdued radiance of the moon as well as the burning glory of the sun. How immeasurable is the distance between the contribution of one to the world and that of the other. Portia's gracious plea for mercy has been of more value to the world than any institution of learning ever founded by Anglo Saxon coin. Today its potency is more far reaching than any university ever shaped by man and it will not only outlive the memories of the greatest Napoleons of finance, but outlast the brilliancy of Shakespeare's own name. To some minds he is already mythical, to all minds he is painfully remote and elusive, but his mighty message grows more and more vital and virile day by day, and that which was first only heard on the stage and then haltingly recited in the pulpit has become the commonplace of the school room, and is yet to be inscribed on the walls of our counting rooms and eventually to be engraved in the hearts of capitalists and such millionaires as will be possible when its amenities are applied to the actions of modern bondholders and stockholders who do their business on the Rialtos of America.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea."

This, then, is the conclusion of the matter as far as I can see it. There is no progress without elimination, but the eliminations of success are not necessarily the eliminations of progress. It is not the hard things we are to avoid, but the unworthy and the mean things. Most of all we should dread the easy triumphs of things, when we ought to seek the high triumphs of deeds. A clean pile of money upon which there is no stain of cruelty and of wrong, is a beautiful sight, and let the world give credit to him who has made it. But more beautiful in the eyes of God and man is the wise hand that distributes that pile. The wise money-maker is always economically and spiritually inferior to the wise money-spender. He is inferior if for no other reasons because he is more numerous and more easily made. There are a thousand successful money-makers where there is one high and wise money-spender.

There comes over the sea the tidings of a true poet. He has recently appeared upon the horizon rendered too barren by the death of our great singers. Stephen Phillips is a young man yet, a strange name even on the other side, and stranger yet on this side, but the indications are that a true if not a great singer is tuning his lyre. In the slender volume that has just reached me the most stately poem is probably the one that first commanded the attention of England, entitled "Marpessa." She is the woman who was given by Zeus the choice between the god Apollo and Idas the mortal. Apollo appears first in all the splendor of Olympus to press his suit. He promised her the bloom of perpetual beauty, the release from all suffering, her only tasks to be the tasks of sweetness. He presented to her as an alternative the pains of the mortal, the stings of ingratitude and the funeral passion. All these she may eliminate from her life if she will but abjure the world and live in felicity with him. After the brilliant suit of Apollo, Idas, the poor human lover, pressed his suit in faltering words, conscious that he had but pale promises to make. After such an argument he can only remind her that

> "In this dark country of the world! Thou art
> My woe, my early light, my music dying."

What uneven rivalry! What mortal maid could hesitate between the life of ease, plenty, beauty and bliss on Olympus, and the life of pain, care, perplexity and mortality on earth? But Marpessa refused to eliminate the burdens of earth out of her life in the interests even of the bliss of heaven. She saw how these easy successes by elimination might bring her to where there was

> "Only a dreadful passing to and fro
> Of spirits meditating on the sun,"

and she concludes that she will

> "Not forego the doom, the place,
> Whither my poets and my heroes went
> Before me; warriors that with deeds forlorn
> Saddened my youth, yet made it great to live;
> Lonely antagonists of Destiny,
> That went down scornful before many spears,
> Who soon as we are born, are straight our friends;
> And live in simple music, country songs,,
> And mournful ballads by the winter fire.
> Since they have died; their death is ever mine;
> I would not lose it."

Let no one mock the choice of Marpessa. Who takes the short cut to prosperity even to power robs not only himself but the world of that which is worth more than plenty, than prosperity, and which is the power before which the powerful tremble, in the presence of which they are weak and to find which at last they would give away that which has been their quest and their passion.

Yes, let us seek the eliminations that make for progress even though these eliminations may cast out success, power, plenty, position, influence; or what is better and more probable use them, aye, consume them. There is but one race to run and one joy to set before banker and preacher, capitalist and moralist, club and church, men and women, Rockefeller and Shakespeare, and that is the Christly standard that is won by "enduring the cross, despising the shame," which standard is set "at the right hand of the throne of God."

Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will.

The blessed Master none can doubt, Revealed in holy lives.

A man does harm to himself by his thoughts, to society by his actions.

The end of Man is an Action, and not a Thought, though it were the noblest.

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.

THE STUDY TABLE.

On Mr. Powell's Study Table.

On the table lie two books from Houghton & Mifflin that exceedingly interest me. "A History of the Presidency," by Dr. Edward Stanwood, has been on our shelves for several years. This has been rewritten and expanded, we might say has been so evolved that the present edition is an entirely new book. The first edition was a mere outline of the result of our campaigns. The present is a well-filled-out history of these struggles. The author has taken the opportunity to modify some of his previously expressed opinions, while he has been vastly enlarging his field of research. While the old edition was an absolutely necessary handbook, the present one will become so important that it ought to be a text-book in every college of the United States. In fact, I am inclined to think it should enter our high schools. To prevent a constant repetition of financial and other blunders, in connection with our political progress, it is all important to know the problems that have been discussed and worked out by our fathers. I know no book toward which my hand is so constantly reaching for information, as this book of Mr. Stanwood's. I have not had time to so thoroughly examine this last edition as to say that I can entirely agree with the author in his opinions or not. I do know that he has aimed at absolute fairness in his statements.

The American Anthology is Mr. Stedman's latest contribution to that sort of literature. It has all the advantages, together with the disadvantages, of being a review of American poetry, and selections from the same, from the standpoint of a single critic, and himself a poet of the higher rank. The object of the collector has not been, he tells us, to give us imperishable poems, but the choicest and most typical examples of the poetry of the English tongue, during the years which they cover. He tells us that, although warned beforehand that an American collection would be inferior to his British Anthology, he had come to the conclusion that while the American volume must yield to the foreign in wealth of choice productions, it was the more significant from an equally vital point. "Our own poetry excels as a recognizable voice in utterance of the emotions of the people. The storm and stress of youth have been upon us and the nation has not lacked its lyric cry."

You will find in the *Atlantic Monthly* an article by Miss Vida D. Scudder, professor of English literature at Wellesley, most remarkable and readable. I do not believe that a more important discussion has occurred in any magazine during the last twenty-five years. Miss Scudder tackles without fear, and we may say, without caution, the question whether our colleges and universities should be built upon ill-gotten wealth. She believes in the good old doctrine that the partaker is as bad as the thief. She says, "There are two broad and positive reasons why churches and colleges should, at least, exercise far more caution than they have been doing of late, in the acceptance of proffered gifts. First

to ignore a scruple is to help suppress it. Every institution which accepts without explanation money, under suspicion or indictment, weakens the awakening demand for ethical scrutiny of the sources of wealth. Another reason equally practical is the danger lest our colleges forfeit the respect of the people." Miss Scudder has such entire confidence in the moral life of the people, that she believes that a college which will bluntly refuse to be built up on ill-gotten wealth, will not only get a vast influx of students, but countless eager contributions, from the modest means of those who have honestly gained their property. It is recalled, with magnificent satisfaction, by many of us, that Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, declined a gift to that institution from John D. Rockefeller, and suggested that he make the same donation to some institution that was not engaged in moulding public opinion. God bless the woman! Who will follow her in caring whether public opinion be debauched or be moulded after the pattern of righteousness?

Another admirable monograph of history is the "Cradle of the Republic," by President Lyon G. Tyler, of the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va. This is a genuine piece of historical investigation, and adds decidedly to the accumulation of data concerning the founding of the nation. It is work of the specific sort, that is now needed, and is being done by our best writers. President Tyler presides over the college which rivals Harvard as the earliest to be founded by the colonists. It ought to stand in the South as eminent as Harvard does at the North. I have no doubt myself that the commercial tide which is turning southward will also become an educational tide. It was at William and Mary that Jefferson received his education and graduated. I do not know a grander testimony to the glorious work achieved by this statesman than the founding of a professorship of American Statesmanship for his alma mater. Let some of our men of wealth, who have been so munificent toward Northern institutions, judge whether it would not be well to aid those of the South more freely. The shuttle of good will should be thrown North and South, as well as East and West, if we would weave a national character enduring as time.

"The History of the Prudential Insurance Company of America" comes from its author, Frederick L. Hoffman, with whom my first acquaintance was when he was a young anarchist. I advised him to read the works of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, and *then* tell me what he thought of American institutions. In about six months he wrote, "I have followed your advice, and instead of being willing to tear down American institutions, I would now die gladly for the republic. To me the wonder is that Americans will allow their children to grow up with so little knowledge of the thoughts of these great founders—pre-eminently Thomas Jefferson."

The Care of the Child in Health.*

The responsibilities of motherhood have never been more clearly set forth than they appear in Dr. Nathan Oppenheim's new book, "The Care of the Child in Health." From his introduction, in which the author makes powerful appeal for the higher realization of maternal duties, through all the chapters of practical advice the reader feels the deep humanism of the man of science who has anticipated every question of the intelligent mother. The chapter on "Education" shows the earnest investigation Dr. Oppenheim has made of primary education and reveals many of its defects. He pleads for the abolishment of the present rigid curriculum, with its abstractions so useless to the immature mind and urges instead a natural method of instruction in which the teaching is made both useful and recreative, with frequent change of occupation and subject and the vigorous exercise of the imagination. With the rational method of teaching in use, there will disappear that thoughtless kind of recitation in which the pupil declares "Pennsylvania is the capital of Philadelphia" and "George Washington was a 'brave British general.'" A. B. K.

* The Care of the Child in Health. By Nathan Oppenheim, M. D $1.25. The Macmillan Company.

November Magazines.

The Cosmopolitan contains an illustrated story by Rudyard Kipling, "The Way that He Took," and the "Last of the Smugglers" by S. R. Crockett. Thebes, her ruins and her memories, by Dulany Hunter, finely illustrated, is alone worth the year's subscription to this magazine.

The Chautauquan contains among many attractive articles a summing up by Charles F. Thwing, president of Western Pennsylvania University and Adelbert College, the question, "What are they in college for?" recently addressed by him to many boys and girls of the opening classes. The result of this study is encouraging, President Thwing finding "the ethical note clear and distinct and the replies striking certain fundamental notes of humanity."

The Review of Reviews contains interesting political news both in this country and in England. The editor comments at length on the American political situation and on the result of the parliamentary elections of the last month in Great Britain. There is a correct account of the whole scheme of the selection of candidates for the Great Hall of Fame which has been given to New York University. Dr. John Finley, the new professor of politics at Princeton, writes on "Political Beginnings of Porto Rico."

The Atlantic Monthly. Study Vida D. Scudder's paper on "Ill Gotten Gifts to Colleges." Are not our institutions of learning acquired sometimes at too great a cost? We quote from the article, "There is no duty before an academic and religious world in America more pressing than the duty of strengthening the demand that methods of acquiring wealth come wholly under the dominion of the moral sense."

The Outlook. The illustrated monthly magazine number contains the first installment of a series of autobiographical papers by Booker T. Washington, entitled "Up From Slavery." There is a life-like portrait of Mr. Washington, the house in which he thinks he was born, the home from which he went to Hampton, the entrance to the coal mine in which he worked as a boy, the yard at Tuskegee and a group of the teachers at Tuskegee, with Mr. Washington. Paul Lawrence Dunbar's sonnet on Booker T. Washington is reprinted from the *New England Magazine.* Part thirteen, entitled "The Latter Tragedies," in Hamilton Wright Mabie's "William Shakespeare," appears in this number.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A Scheme for Class-Study and Readings in the Bible From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism.

By W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society, St. Louis.

PART II.

The Historical Books of the Bible.

VI.

We are now at the epoch of the Exodus and the experiences of the children of Israel with Moses in the Wilderness of Sinai. So much has been said with regard to the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites that the passage descriptive of that could be read aloud from verse 17 of Chapter XIII. down through Chapter XIV. The whole story is graphic and picturesque. We see how legends may grow up about a simple fact of history; knowing, as we do now, that there is a part of the Red Sea which is sometimes left bare by the winds blowing a certain direction, so that people might pass over. With the change of wind the waters could have come back, and the soldiers of the Egyptians have been drowned by being caught in the unexpected flood. Hence the bare facts mentioned here may have a basis of truth in them. What we do know of for a practical certainty is that the Israelites fled from their slavery in Egypt and withdrew under the leadership of Moses over into the peninsula of Sinai. The graphic poem in Chapter XV. should also be read aloud for its literary qualities. Just when it was written we do not know. Probably it has undergone some expansion. But we take it for granted that the basis of it would go back to the very early times, perhaps even to the days of Moses himself.

In reading these selections from the Book of Exodus we are not laying much emphasis on the different sources. Those who wish to do so may take their pencils and mark in colors the passages coming from the Elohist, the Yahvist, and the Priestly Narrators. Only now and then, however, is the distinction of much consequence for our purposes.

We must, however, read some of the accounts of the experiences of the Israelites in the Wilderness, because of their classic quality and the way certain of the incidents have entered into the phraseology of the world's literature. There is, for instance, the incident of "making the bitter waters sweet," in verses 22-26 of Chapter XV. Then we have the institution of "Manna," the account of which should be read in verses 2-31 of Chapter XVI. We must become familiar with the well-known language about "sighing for the flesh pots of Egypt." There is the same quaint interest also in the usual perverseness of human nature, showing how it has retained the like characteristics over thousands of years. The teacher should look up carefully the authorities on the subject of "Manna," and also, if possible, investigate the general conditions of the Peninsula of Sinai. Some member of the class might read a short paper on this subject, furnishing a background for the incidents which are to be read about, descriptive of the wanderings in the Wilderness on the part of the Israelites.

We shall be forced also to notice the account of the "smiting of the rock" on the part of Moses in the first seven verses of Chapter XVII. It would be well for the class at this point to turn over to the Book of Numbers and read the first thirteen verses of Chapter XX. there. While the location described is somewhat different, we may assume that it was pretty much the same story growing up out of some incident in the travels of the Israelites in the Wilderness. The great point of difference in the account in the Book of Numbers is that we have introduced the traditional explanation as to the reason why Moses was not allowed to lead the people into Canaan after all the wanderings in the Wilderness. No definite indication of this would seem to be given in the Book of Exodus. But here in this other chapter narrating the account of smiting the rock, we see how a story grew up with regard to a sudden exhibition of pride on the part of Moses; as if he, and not Yahweh, was doing the wonder; in the language of the Bible, speaking in the name of the Lord: "Because ye believe not in me, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel; therefore ye shall not bring this assembly into the land I have given them." The ethical-religious touch here is significant in this traditional or legendary account of the display of pride on the part of Moses, when he cried out before smiting the rock: "Here now, ye rebels, shall *we* bring you forth water out of this rock."

If we will only remember to read these stories as quaint pictures of the dawn of the world, they need not be dry to us, but rather interesting, or even fascinating. If it were the adult mind of man we were reading about, there would not be any charm here. But taking it as a picture of the child-mind or the mind of the adult man in the childhood of the world, our standpoint is different. Hence these accounts are often poetic and worth the most careful perusal.

Furthermore, the little incident in the battle with the Amalekites mentioned in verses 8-15 of Chapter XVII. should be read for the sake of the tradition contained in the words "holding up the hands of Moses." It might also be well to pay some attention to the naive account of the institution of some kind of government, the beginnings of a State, as described in the whole of Chapter XVIII., in the interview between Moses and his father-in-law. The pictures, too, of the customs of the day in this chapter should be noted carefully. In these we have the real truth of the tale, rather than in the incidents actually narrated. Call attention to the way individuals may have acted as judges in the strife between people in those days, and how when coming to those individuals, people regarded it as coming to "inquire of God." We are back in the times of the oracle, when any man who had superior wisdom, was supposed to speak, not for himself, but by supernatural authority. Surely this chapter is as fine in its way as anything of a similar nature would be in Homer.

At last in Chapter XIX. we have approached the all-important Mount Sinai and the proclamation of the Decalogue or Ten Commandments. A great deal of attention should be paid to this special subject, and one or two whole lessons be given to it. The accounts are very confusing. If one reads them carefully, it is difficult to make out just what ten commandments were written on the tables of stone, or what was the chief one of the various Decalogues recorded in the Pentateuch.

It would be well to have an investigation with regard to Mount Sinai, the traditions concerning it, and its early history. We are here at the starting-point of the religion of Judaism, and are asking ourselves what was Yahweh as a Deity in the minds of the people in those days. And the impression grows upon us, that we are dealing with the primitive belief in a "thunder" god; the Deity who hurled the thunder-bolt, who dwelt in the thunder-cloud on the mountain top. Have read aloud the passage from verses 9-25 of Chapter XIX. We must bear in mind that the substance of this belongs to the time before the days of the Great Prophets. It is realistic in the extreme. We are dealing with the primitive mind; with a conception of a God who is not universal, but who lives at a particular place, and

who can be communicated with only from that place. It is a nature-God, whom people are to be afraid of. To approach such a Deity, or come near him, would be death. In turning to this famous XX. Chapter, with the Ten Commandments, we notice that it seems to stand somewhat by itself. As to whether it is implied that the words are addressed to Moses or to the people, is not made altogether plain. Tradition has it that these were the words written on the two tables of stone.

Have read aloud verses 12-18 of Chapter XXIV. Then pass over to verse 18 of Chapter XXXI. and continue through Chapter XXXII., with the famous account of the Golden Calf. We touch here in this latter story on an incidental feature of Yahweh worship, which seems to have prevailed for centuries afterwards. There is reason to think that calf worship or bull worship had been an essential element in the worship of the God Yahweh down to the time of the Great Prophets. What we have here, therefore, would rather be an effort to explain away an actual fact of history, at the time when the higher spiritual attitude was coming in, which was to repudiate worship of images. It would be natural that the leaders of the time should be convinced that from the outset the God Yahweh had forbidden image worship. And we take it for granted here that the calf worship may have been the usual thing at Mount Sinai as reverence for the God Yahweh. As to whether Moses opposed it we cannot be sure, as it is not yet settled whether the Decalogue really came from him in any form. If it did, one of the chief precepts, concerning the worship of images, would seem to have been utterly disregarded down to the days of the prophets, five or more centuries afterwards. The occurrence mentioned in verse 28 of Chapter XXXII. is very striking, as showing the barbarous conditions. It startles us to realize that three thousand men should be put to death at one time as a punishment for disobedience.

We turn now to Chapter XXXIV., with the account of the second of the two tables of stone, and Moses' second ascent on Mount Sinai. Read verses 1-17. At this point we come to one of the most perplexing incidents to be explained in the whole Bible. Beginning with verse 18 through verse 26, we have what purports to be the real Ten Commandments written on the two tables of stone. Here is a Decalogue quite different from the one in Chapter XX. of Exodus. According to the strict traditions, therefore, if there was any Ten Commandments written on tables of stone and preserved among the Israelites, it would seem to be these commands found in the part of the Chapter XXXIV., rather than the Decalogue of Chapter XX. But we must remember that we are reading a document written several centuries after Moses—in that interval after the breaking up of the Kingdom, following the death of Solomon, in the hundred and fifty years preceding the rise of the Great Prophecy in 750 B. C. It is from that later epoch that we trace these Decalogues and the documents of the Yahvist and Elolist writers. We may go back now and read aloud the other Ten Commandments to be found in the first seventeen verses of Chapter XX. Then we must turn over and compare them with another account of the same Ten Commandments, in Chapter V. of Deuteronomy, putting in parallel columns verses 8, 9, 11, and 17 from the chapter in Exodus, opposite verses 12-16 and verse 21 from the chapter in Deuteronomy. As to when either of these forms of the Decalogue was written will never be settled. Cornhill, for instance, as we notice, attributes these Ten Commandments to the date 750 B. C., just about the time of the rise of the Great Prophecy. Others, as we know, think that in a simple form of short sentences the Ten Commandments came from Moses. But if so, there would be good reason to think that the one about images was not included. What we are impressed with is that sometime during that interval before the rise of the Great Prophecy, but after the Israelites had entered Canaan, there grew up this condemnation of the worship of images, or of conceiving of God in the form of any kind of material image. The appearance of this standpoint is one of the greatest mysteries in human history. What led to it we can scarcely understand. Why it should have arisen so early in the world must puzzle us, inasmuch as the standpoint is not more than half-accepted by the average human being in Christendom today. All we know is that the doctrine did arise at that time. But we must not for a moment assume that it was a generally prevalent opinion. The fact should not be overlooked that these documents, the Yahvist and the Elolist, were not Bibles, were not circulating as sacred literature; existing rather as individual writings. Not until from one to three centuries after the Decalogue was written, did it come to be accepted as law for the people; and this happened, as we remember, for the first time when the Book of Deuteronomy was launched, in the year 621 B. C., in the days of Jeremiah.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Men cannot fight the best and highest things and meet anything but defeat.

MON.—The universe is in league with those who seek rightness of life.

TUES.—To know our weaknesses is good—if knowing them makes us watchful to overcome them.

WED.—In seeking God we seek our life. In seeking our life we seek God.

THURS.—Be confident that an approach to perfection is to be attained here if anywhere.

FRI.—Let us give our thought to virtue; our wills to righteousness; our hands to helpfulness, and live in the ideal.

SAT.—Look up and out, and trust the eternal heart of good.

JAMES H. WEST.

The Ridiculous Optimist.

There was once a man who smiled
  Because the day was bright,
  Because he slept at night,
  Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child.
  Because his little one
  Could leap and laugh and run
  Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He smiled because the sky
  Was high above his head,
  Because the rose was red,
  Because the past was dead,
He never wondered why
  The Lord had blundered so
  That all things have to go
  The wrong way here below
The overarching sky.

He toiled and still was glad
  Because the air was free,
  Because he loved, and she
  That claimed his love and he
Shared all the joy they had!
  Because the grasses grew,
  Because the sweet winds blew,
  Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

Because he lived he smiled
  And did not look ahead
  With bitterness or dread,
  But nightly sought his bed
As calmly as a child;
  And people called him mad
  For being always glad
  With such things as he had,
And shook their heads and smiled.

—*Methodist Recorder.*

The Faith of a Little Child.

Every one smiled when his father carried him into the car—this little lad of three, who taught me so sweet a lesson in faith. The car was crowded, but there was a corner between door and window where the child could stand, and there his father put him down.

"You stay still there, Herbie; papa is going to stand near you. You won't be afraid?"

The wee man shook his head very decidedly, and catching hold of a brass rail with his chubby fist, stood contentedly watching his father with trustful, happy eyes. At every corner new passengers came on board and crowded between father and child. Herbie was much more comfortable in the sheltered nook where his father had put him than he would have been even in his father's arms on the crowded, jolting platform. Little by little the new-comers hid the father from Herbie's sight. He did not look like a child who was accustomed to be alone, and I watched him closely, ready to comfort if need be. I saw his lips moving, and bent toward him. This was what he said, "I can see my papa's foot and I can see my papa's hand."

Precious little heart; comforting itself!

The crowd jostled back and forth. I heard another whisper, "I can see my papa's foot. I—can—see—my—papa's—foot!"

Then the foot was no longer visible to the patient watcher. Trouble clouded his serious eyes for a minute, followed by a sudden happy smile.

"I can hear my papa talk!"

Sure enough the father was talking to some one. But the conversation was not long. The blue eyes were growing shadowy again.

"Herbie," I whispered, "I can see your papa. I am taller than you. I can see your papa's face, dear."

For a brief space my face was subjected to a searching glance. Then the content came back to the boy's face. He watched me and I watched that other face, nodding assurance to my little friend. In a few moments people began to leave the car, the father sat down and took his child on his knee.

"Were you afraid, Herbie?"

"No—I knew you were there all the whole time!"

Oh, for the faith of a little child, that whatever comes, the heart may say, "I was not afraid, for, lo, I knew that all the time thou wert there!"—*Lutheran Observer.*

Frowns and Smiles.

If you should frown and I should frown,
While walking out together,
The happy folks about the town
Would say: "The clouds are settling down,
In spite of pleasant weather."

If you should smile and I should smile,
While walking out together,
Sad folks would say: "Such looks beguile
The weariness of many a mile,
In dark and dreary weather."

—*St. Nicholas.*

The Work Cure.

In that moment when, as to most at some time or other, a kind of despairing feeling comes to you—when energy lags, and the heart, bitten by the chill of some disappointment, sinks far below the zero point—then the safety for you, and the sure path into more genial, spiritual weather is the duty next to you. Do that anyway. Even with failing feeling and nerveless hands compel yourself to do it. Do not put it off. Do not allow yourself bewailingly to wait for better mood. Do the duty next you, or anyway try at it. At least a fine sense of accomplishment shall come in, a very real consciousness of personal heroism. It is wonderful what strength the duty next one bravely done, or anyway bravely attempted, breeds in one.—*Wayland Hoyt, D. D.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

In Arcady.

Just for a moment, like a bird on wing,
I slip away across the great blue sea,
And dwell in vales of ancient Arcady,
And hear the shepherds pipe and maidens sing;
To temple old my sacrifice I bring,
And with the throng in rich rejoicings be;
I am a child of nature pure and free,
To earth and all its happiness I cling!
My soul is glad, with summer soft and sweet,
With woodlands warm and vales with vistas fair,
Music is heard with every ocean beat,
And balm of blessedness is on the air,
When lo!—I jostle comrades on the street,
And come once more to common things and care!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Foreign Notes.

A CONTRAST.—Commenting on "the many humane measures adopted by the government of the United States for the improvement of the Cuban people," the *Indian Messenger*, of Calcutta says: "We hear some fifteen hundred teachers from the towns and villages of Cuba have been brought to Cambridge, Massachusetts, for improving their education; and 300 more are coming from Porto Rico. Nearly two-thirds of these teachers, it is said, are women. Forty instructors with some knowledge of Spanish have been appointed to give them a course of lectures on the art and practice of pedagogy. * * * What a contrast does this American policy present to the policy of our English rulers, who, finding that Indians were flocking in large numbers to England, have deliberately set their mind to designing measures for successfully discouraging that forward tendency. What makes such a policy of discouragement truly odious is the consideration that it is directed against a people who have never been slow to show their loyalty and attachment to the English throne."

The allusion here is evidently to the action of Lord George Hamilton reported in an earlier issue of the same paper, as follows: "In the House of Commons Sir Mancherjee Bhownuggree drew by a question the following confession from the present secretary of state for India: 'Recently there was a rush of Indian students to the Cooper's Hill College. Finding that in the past few years one native student had on the average got into the Public Works Department, through Cooper's Hill, I fixed for the future two appointments as the number to be annually competed for by them.' In a late issue of this paper we described Sir George Hamilton as the lawfully appointed guardian or trustee of a body of minors, we mean the Indian people, who have no vote in the government of their own country. It befits the guardian to be the protector of the interests of his wards; but no; such is the perversity of the relationship in which we stand to each other, that our lawfully appointed guardian, seeing that there was a likelihood of a large number of our men slipping into honorable career, even though at a tremendous cost to themselves, deliberately shuts the door against them."

WHERE NOT TO BUY.—Having in a previous article called attention to the American organization known as the Consumers' League, the *Signal*, of Geneva, recently returned to the subject with the statement that, though the time might not have come to start a similar movement in Switzerland, people there ought nevertheless to bear in mind their responsibilities as

buyers. It proceeded to lay down certain rules or principles determining where *not* to buy. These are interesting in their suggestion of varying national and local conditions combined with what is familiar to us and of universal application.

The first principle laid down, that, so far as possible, the foreign dealer should not be patronized to the neglect of the citizen, since, in one way or another the latter must be supported, while the foreigner can always return to his own country for support, has a decidedly local flavor, and would hardly figure in any presentation of the subject here. Associated with this, however, is a point which at some periods in our history has been given more prominence by patriotic Americans than it receives just now. This is the patronage of home industries. The Geneva merchant, says the writer, is, through inertia, routine and prejudice, prone to offer us Lyons silks rather than those made in Zurich, and French wines instead of native, even when the home products have the double advantage of being better in quality and more reasonable in price.

Rule 2 brings up a picture of the so-called "continental Sunday," for it is the advice to withhold patronage from such establishments as do not have complete Sunday closing. We have hardly found it necessary yet to make that point here.

With rule 3 we strike familiar ground, for it puts on the index all firms whose employees are known to be ill-paid, badly treated or kept in unhygienic surroundings.

Rule 4 warns against establishments where the behavior of employees or patrons shows any violation of decorum or decency.

Finally, rule 5 raises a point which is sure to command growing attention in this country, though brought forward here by our multiplying art associations rather than by the Consumers' League. It is the advertising and poster nuisance. "Let us not," says the Swiss writer, "be seduced by the exaggerated and misplaced advertisements of certain houses; these should rather be a reason for letting them alone. Publicity is a want of the age and journals devoted especially to commercial advertising are now maintained. That is legitimate, but let us not have street cars and railway stations encumbered with all sorts of advertisements; let them not be displayed on our promenades, disfigure the fields, the Alpine resorts and even the mountain heights. That is to make ourselves ridiculous and to offend the eyes of all those who have any sense of the fitness of things." M. E. H.

GREEN BAY, WIS.—The editor of UNITY last week made a lecturing visit to the Union Congregational church of this place. Wednesday afternoon it was a lecture on "The Great Literature: A Bible Study;" Wednesday evening it was "Lyof Tolstoy: A Modern Prophet;" Thursday morning it was "Victor Hugo; The Prophet of Liberty." A large audienc was present at each lecture. Everything testified to the high work, the broad work, the free work done at this center by our brother, Rev. J. M. A. Spence, pastor of the church. On Thursday evening, on the way home, the lecturer stopped at Neenah and gave his lecture on Tolstoy in the city hall, Professor Schuster, superintendent of the public schools, introducing him. The venerable Presbyterian minister of the place occupied a front seat. The audience here as at Green Bay, obliterated theological lines, denied sectarian animosities and testified to the growing interest in common duties and in the great truths which all lovers of men and justice hold in common.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH.—The Universalist Woman's League held the first meeting of the season in Ryder Memorial Church on Wednesday, November 7. The members and their friends assembled at noon and partook of lunch together, after which the chairman of the program committee, Mrs. Wexford, called the meeting to order, and requested Mrs. Nash, president of the Universalist Woman's Association, and Mrs. Whitehouse, president of the Ryder Ladies' Aid, to take seats on the platform, the latter lady welcoming the guests in a few well-chosen words. The paper of the day was written by Miss Emily Currier, who, being unavoidably absent, had deputed her sister, Miss Helen Currier, to read it. The subject was, "The Roycrofters," and the writer gave a quaint and pleasing delineation of the unique industry known as the Roycroft shop, located in East Aurora, N. Y., a character sketch of its founder, Elbert Hubbard, and a description of some of the artistic printing and book-binding done there, of which she also showed some specimens. The after discussion turned principally on the rules of life, or, more properly, freedom from rules, advocated in the *Philistine*, the monthly periodical published at the "shop," and, whilst doing justice to the editor's hatred of shams and brilliant intellect, showed that his peculiar views did not all commend themselves to this body of earnest, intelligent women. Mesdames Ellis, Mason, Laughlin, Rexford, Johonnot, Pearson and others took part in the discussion. An interesting feature of the occasion was an account by our missionary to Japan of her work among the women and children in the mission field.

The fourth of a course of lectures takes place on Monday evening, Nov. 18, at the Ryder Memorial Church, the lecturer, Rev. R. A. White, of Englewood, illustrating his subject, "Marie Antoinette," by stereopticon views. The previous lectures have been given by Dr. Lang, of Joliet, on the "Indian Tribes of America." Dr. Mason, on "Something New," and Dr. Johonnot, on "Charles Kingsley." The fifth and last will be given on Monday, Dec. 3, by Dr. Blais. Subject, "Wonders of the Heavens." L. J. P.

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The Life and Death of Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlitt. $1.50.

Commerce and Christianity. By the Author of "Life in Our Villages," "The Social Horizon," "Evil and Evolution." $1.50.

The Temple Primers. Greek History Translated from the German of Prof. Heinrich Swoboda. By Lionel D. Barnett, M.A.

The Peace Conference at The Hague and Its Bearings on International Law and Policy. By Frederick W. Holls, D. C. L.

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Thomas Henry Huxley. A Sketch of His Life and Work. By P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A. (Oxon). $1.50.

The Moving Finger Writes. By Grace Denio Litchfield. $1.25.

Historic Towns of the Southern States. Edited by Lyman P. Powell. $3.50.

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Religion in Literature and Religion in Life. Two lectures by Stafford Brooke, M. A. LL. D.

PAMPHLETS.

Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1900.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Illinois Manual Training School Farm, Glenwood, Cook Co., Illinois.

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